

she growls at me, then sniffs, knows me,

"Hey Linda," the barn, the countryside, the years,  
the two marriages, the two sets of three kids each,  
suddenly twisting, going soft, away from me, "I'm  
sorry ...."

-- Hugh Fox

East Lansing MI

RETREAT

well  
you didn't call for an enema  
and this isn't  
the A train to Norwalk,  
and  
the troops  
will be brisking through here  
soon  
and you know  
they ain't going to  
leave the tits on a rat.

Thompson killed himself  
last night  
in his shining brass room  
he drank silver paint  
until his belly  
came  
out of his eyes.

remember the rule:  
everything starts at  
each moment  
and all that's past  
is more useless  
than what is  
present.

we've raped  
all the girls  
40 times over.  
we've left nothing  
for the enemy except  
the residue  
of our cowardice.

no matter  
cowardice is the aftermath  
of imagination  
heroes are the aftermath  
of thoughtlessness ...

shit, it's cold, though  
you know  
I imagine  
death is not so bad  
if the temperature  
is decent.  
no, that's not  
true.

but pain wearies me  
I get it  
on and on.  
I think I've built  
little methods  
to escape it  
and then it  
shows me  
the same thing  
in a different  
form.

hell,  
I talk too much  
we should  
really  
move out.  
I see the flares  
dropping now,  
there's no use  
having another  
conference  
of minds  
there's nothing  
left to solve



the victorious  
are getting ready  
to arrive  
and we've been  
caught  
out of place.

can't we  
take back  
move #45  
and  
substitute  
move #39?  
that's the one  
we should have  
made.

well  
let's go  
give me your  
arm ...  
oh, it's  
gone ... you  
motherfucker ...

you know  
I can't believe  
we've lost.  
it didn't take  
any effort  
at all.  
I guess the  
worst and best  
things don't ...  
which leaves  
the in  
between and that  
qualifies too.

careful,  
the steps are  
covered with  
ice ...  
I really like  
your  
falcon tattoo ...

o.k. now  
I don't know  
where we're going

but  
isn't it better  
than having them  
catch you  
with your hand  
around your  
pecker?

let's sing  
something,  
huh?  
how about a  
love song?  
I wish I knew  
a hate song ...

you know  
I was  
eleven years old  
before I could  
whistle?

watch your  
head  
we're coming  
out  
of here ...  
and  
don't worry  
I heard a  
story once  
that  
being killed  
is  
the same as  
killing  
there's  
no gain

so  
all we have  
to do  
now  
is  
to  
walk out of  
here ....

-- Charles Bukowski

San Pedro CA